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A Great English Journalist

The current number of "The National Review" includes a notice that its editor, Mr. Leo J. Maxse, will be henceforth associated with the direction of "The London Globe." This marks the entrance into daily journalism of one of the greatest of magazine editors in England and one of the most powerful personalities in the journalism of the whole world. Aside from Clemenceau, who is both a statesman and a journalist, it may be doubted if any man writes with more destructive power, makes more deadly warfare upon shams, weaknesses and follies in high places than Mr. Maxse.

More than ten years ago, when the whole world was surrendering itself to fantastic notions about universal peace and disarmament, when England was in the hands of men who had forgotten Europe and lost interest in the British Empire, Mr. Maxse was telling his public what Germany intended to do. Month after month and year after year "The National Review" set forth what was to happen, with unmistakable clarity and force. Had the voice of Mr. Maxse been heard in the days that preceded the crisis of 1914 Great Britain would not have been taken unawares when the great conflict occurred.

Before the war Mr. Maxse warned Englishmen; his voice was frequently shrill. It was not always with moderation that he spoke of calamities which were to come, but when confronted with the clarity with which he saw one wonders now at the moderation with which he spoke. No other journalist in England can point to so consistent and so honorable a record in the years preceding the war as the editor of "The National Review." Those who refused to take his warnings before the war because they held Mr. Maxse to be a fanatic now criticise him for the passion with which he spoke in the past, but the criticism is a mere cover for their own blindness. Mr. Maxse saw the truth as it was, told it fearlessly, told it steadily, and his is not the blame that he spoke in vain.

Since the war came no voice has more steadily, more firmly proclaimed the single necessity of fighting to victory than that of the editor of "The National Review." Other men have been taken in by German tricks, deceived by German manœuvres, have temporarily or permanently fallen victims to war weariness. Mr. Maxse has never wavered, he has never been mistaken as to the true character of the German peril and the single means of escape in the future from the perils that oppress all mankind in the present. His has not been a great following. He has not stooped to the devices which please the mob or win the support of those who follow the journalist who tells them what they want to know and what pleases them rather than seeks to force upon them the truth they should know. But though his public has been comparatively small his influence has been great and continues great, and no British magazine to-day is more worthy the attention of American readers than "The National Review," because none more consistently pursues a straightforward policy and seeks a clearer end.

Mr. Maxse's entrance into daily newspaper work should be an interesting and a useful extension of a career which will remain memorable in journalism. Like Clemenceau, Mr. Maxse has killed many public men with a single phrase, but not even Clemenceau has served the Allied cause more loyally or more worthily through the press than the editor of "The National Review."

Sugar Famine and Candy

Last July, when Mr. Hoover began talking sugar shortage, he was addressing an audience apparently without ears or understanding. Manufacturers and housewives alike continued to treat sugar as though the supply were infinite. In August, however, there appeared on the tea tables of a certain chain of tea rooms in New York a small booklet, "War-Time Candies," which showed that one woman had understood.

This woman went to Mr. Hoover and the Department of Agriculture, got all the facts in the case and came back to reconstruct her candy kitchen along war lines. A few days after her return her customers found her plan outlined in the booklet folded with their menu cards.

"We can eat all the candies we want with a clear conscience," read the announcement, "if we eat those made from things other than cane or beet sugar; candies made from honey, molasses, maple sugar, fruits, nuts, raisins and chocolate are available and make delicious sweets. In our shops, then, we purpose to display only those varieties which are made entirely or largely from the substitutes for cane and beet sugar."

If such a piece of volunteer work was good in August, when the sugar shortage was only a matter of prophecy, how much better is it now, when the country is actually seeing the bottom of the sugar bin? This patriotic candy maker deserves the thanks of a public that has preferred to follow the dictates of its sweet tooth rather than those of its Food Administrator.

Bib-Tying vs. Bookkeeping

One more Woman in Revolt has nailed her standard to the masthead and purposes to find out what mere man is going to do about it. Her complaint is a familiar one, though newly and narrowly expressed. She complains of bib-tying. And if that is not enough, she adds acid words designed to picture the boredom of washing children—your children, anybody's children, behind the ears or anywhere else.

Their beautiful little bodies are a treat for a while. Nobody minds tying strings around their little necks for, say, three thousand times. But the point comes at which this particular mother evidently feels more like choking the dear little thing than helping it on its way. So, being a frank sort, she writes to her favorite magazine about it. Must this dull routine of home life always uprise to dwarf a woman's growth, restrain her ambition and cramp her style?

We have just one wish for this restless mother. That is that she should become a bookkeeper for a year or two and post entries between day book and ledger for a few thousand times a month. We have seen both jobs, bib-tying and bookkeeping, and we put our last Liberty Bond on bookkeeping as so far surpassing the womanly job in general all round utter monotony and boredom as to leave no possible room for debate.

In our humble judgment, all work worth the name is monotonous and involves endless repetition—none more so than the artistic and much envied vocations, let us say, picture painting, singing, writing. No bib-tying mother of a dozen ever repeated her chores a hundredth times as often as Paderewski practised his five-finger exercises. Appalling routine stands back of all genius that succeeds.

Is child routine worse than others? Is cooking? Not if you enjoy the game itself, we submit. That is the only point we can descry in this outcry from a Modern Mother. There might and should be more choice for women. Some of them are bungling parents, are bored by their jobs and ought to be put to work at which they are good. Others are good parents, enjoy bib-tying and do it well. Let them remain parents and possibly help bring up the children of incompetents.

In the mean time we could stand much less sympathy for the many mothers who don't need it and much more for the poor children of our restless friends, who certainly need more than they will ever get at home.

A Painter's Posthumous Work

Degas's death followed hard upon the death of Matthew Maris. Degas was more or less of a recluse; so was Maris. Temperamentally, the two painters were as unlike as could be, but they had this in common, that they were both extremely exacting and fastidious about their own work and formidably discouraging to visitors and patrons. Each in his own way was a crank of the first water, and it was accordingly inevitable that far-fetched and absurd comparisons should be made between them. The critics have not missed the opportunity.

The London correspondent of "The Westminster Gazette" does well in remarking on the obvious unlikeness of the two, but it would be instructive to learn what ground he has for the allegation that the great Frenchman "was more than suspect of being an astute dealer in his own works."

When Degas was introduced to the London public in the '90s "The Westminster Gazette" was a repository for some of the worst rubbish ever printed about him and his work. Some scattered scraps of this fierce controversy may linger in the memory of the chronicler, creating a vague impression that Degas was out to enrich himself by shocking an innocent public; for he tells us that the true reason Degas would admit no one was "because he did not wish anybody to know what pictures he possessed, and where those which were on the market were coming from." Finally, we are assured that "it will be a matter of surprise if he is not proved to be a rich man."

All this will be news to most readers. There is in truth no mystery about the origin of the pictures that have been sold for such prodigious prices in recent years, for most of them were painted long ago. It is well known that for years Degas would part with nothing in his studio. Occasionally the fortunate possessor of one of his works suffered him to borrow it for the purpose of retouching some part, but the experiment was seldom repeated. When Degas laid his hands on onc of his works it was the hardest thing in the world to get it back, as the owners learned to their cost.

Degas must have left a great deal of unfinished work. Of late years he spent much of his time modelling in wax. Frequently he tore the figures down after completing them, using the material again for further studies. It is to be hoped that some of these precious experiments have been rescued in time. But apart from them there must be a mass of drawings and paintings, unless indeed the artist took it into his head to destroy them. One can never count on the whims that may possibly control a painter of so irritable and capricious a temper.

The notion that Degas enriched himself by disposing of his work privily is grotesquely absurd. It is far more likely that he died in debt, and the possibility that some of his unfinished works may fall into the hands of strangers and be treated in such a way as to make them marketable is highly disquieting. But the sudden appearance of unexpected masterpieces in the hands of secret buyers is the last thing to be expected.

More Goading From Captain Persius

There is nothing new in the lament of Captain Persius over the inactivity and want of enterprise shown by the British navy. All the German naval critics have dwelt on this point constantly, never ceasing to taunt the enemy on the score of timidity bordering on cowardice, a reproach of which Captain Persius, however, magnanimously acquits the fleet, laying all the blame on the administration at Whitehall. "The First Lord of the Admiralty," he explains, "wants a majority of the chances of success on his side, and in the present case he may have considered that the forces at his disposal for the operation in question were not equal to the German naval forces and the German coast defences."

What "the operation in question" is can hardly be gathered from the truncated passage quoted in the Berlin dispatch to "The New York Times," but it is clear that Captain Persius has been discussing several recent events, including the operations in the Gulf of Riga and the successful attack on a convoy between the Shetland Islands and the Norwegian coast. He goes on to speculate on the prospect of offensive operations in the Helgoland Bight or against the German coast, but without holding out much hope of so daring an adventure.

He is probably not far wrong in his conjecture that pressure will again be brought to bear on the Admiralty in respect of what he calls its "passive attitude." And, indeed, the aggressive reformers who boasted three months ago of their success in driving Sir Edward Carson out of office have apparently a genuine grievance. What evidence is there of that miraculous transformation predicted with so much confidence when Sir Eric Geddes was appointed First Lord? Three months is not a long period, but Sir Eric's predecessor had not been in office above two when rumors of his resignation were current; and we all know what the more noisy of the ink-pot strategists would have said had the events of the last few days occurred under his administration.

It is not the fault of those who accepted the word of these critics if they feel obliged to recognize a certain justice in the censure of the Germans, and feel as much disappointment as Captain Persius himself in the changes that promised so much five months ago. For it is actually five months and more since genius was imparted to Whitehall in the person of Sir Eric Geddes, who at once—according to so high an authority as Mr. Pollen—became a dictator in pretty well everything except the conduct of the war. The finishing touch was his appointment as First Lord in place of one whose "whole attitude was an abdication of original policy." At last the submarine was to be beaten, and under the influence of another "school of thought" wonders were to be wrought by a complete change of system.

It is always possible that the taunts of Captain Persius are not entirely disinterested and that occasional mishaps are not invariably attributable to schools of thought or First Lords. The war at sea is a complicated affair, and it is conceivable that there are some difficulties in the business that are not always visible to the aggressive school of thought. In his modest address to his constituents the present First Lord dropped a hint which some of his enthusiastic worshippers might ponder. "When I went to the Admiralty I thought I knew all about the deeds of the navy," he said; "but I didn't." It is not impossible that those who complain so much of inactivity might be forced to revise their opinions if they were in his place. As it is, however, they provide useful and welcome texts to German critics.

Horse Steaks

(From The Chicago Tribune)

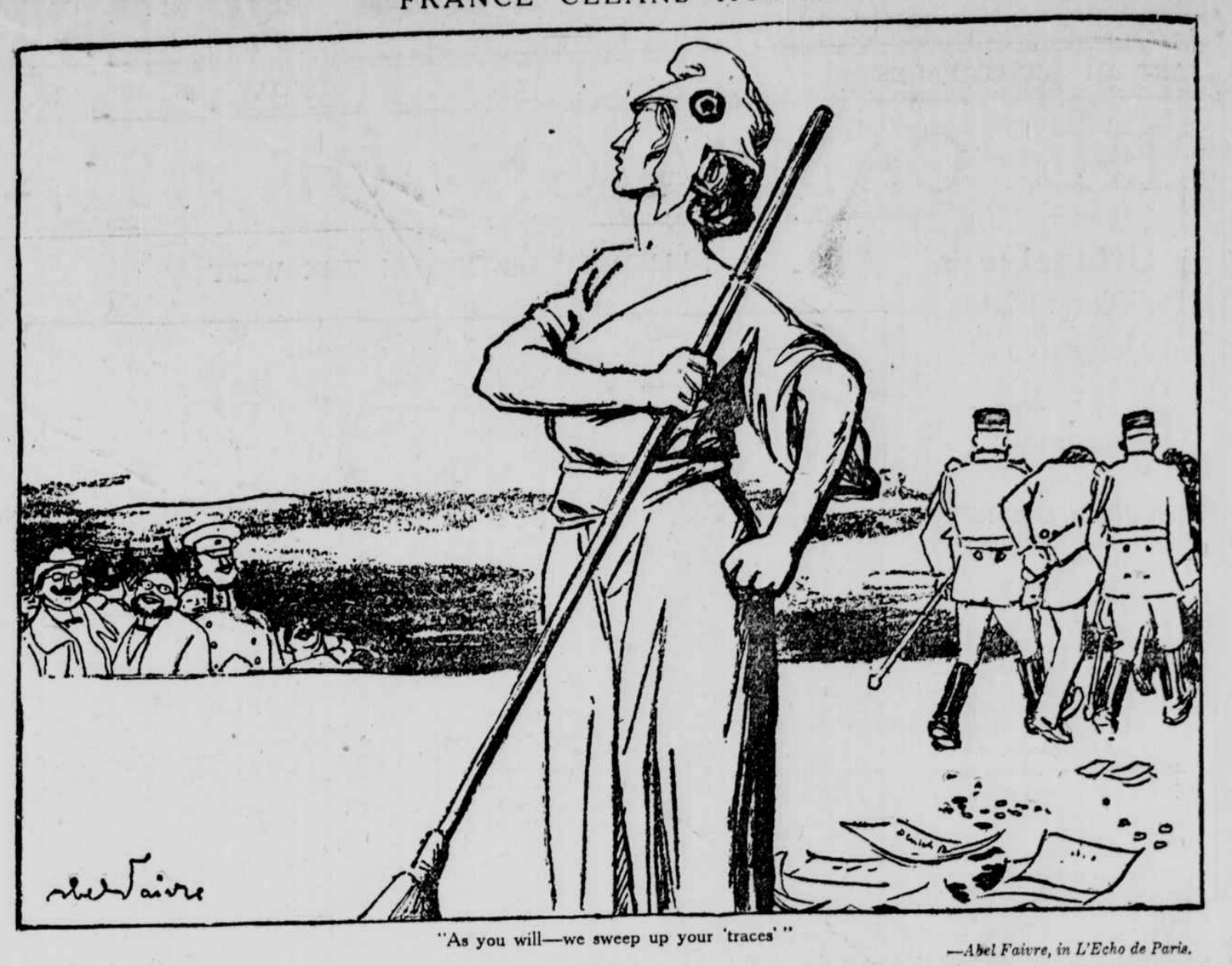
We have it on the word of Superintendent G. E. Wentworth, horse market department, Union Stockyards, that "the meat of young horses is sweet and tender," while "aged horses are good for stews." Quite toothsome nags are being cast aside by the artillery. "Eat them."

Never having tasted a horse, we hesitate, though recognizing the charms of the proposed delicacy. Cheap? Eight cents a pound. Dignified? France and "many other enlightened countries" eat horse. Naughty? Ah, here lies the chief allurement! A city ordinance forbids.

No "horse, mule, ass, donkey or burro" can appear on your table without interesting the police. It is forbidden to slaughter him. It is forbidden to aid, abet or assist any one selling or offering to sell him for food or giving him away or having him on hand. First offence, "not more than $200." Second, ditto, and so on till you quit.

Although we imagine Chicagoans will go slow about eating horse, Mr. Wentworth's suggestion is of value, in that it helps to break down prejudice. Who eats shark? Who eats dogfish? Who eats whale? Devilfish and snails, so plentiful on land and sea, are relished only by pariahs and the elect. Whole herbariums of weeds are good to eat, but are nowhere eaten except in Little Italy. While admitting that circumstances may eventually force us to eat "horse, mule, ass, donkey or burro," we prefer to inscribe them toward the foot of the waiting list.

FRANCE CLEANS HOUSE



"As you will—we sweep up your 'traces'"

—*Abel Faivre, in L'Echo de Paris.*

Thoughts on the Night of August the Third

By Emile Cammaerts

[This translation from the French was made by Mme. Cammaerts.]

(From The Yale Review)

—What are you doing seated there, with your head wrapped in your cloak?
—What are you doing crouched there, with your chin upon your hand?
—What are you doing lying there, with your eyes fixed on the sky?
—We are waiting for the sun to rise upon the waters.
—And for the morn to follow on the night.
—We are waiting for the dead to awake.

* * * *

The soldiers are watching around the tomb,
They have rolled the stone in place, they have set the seals.
In the starry night their bayonets gleam,
They are wearing pointed helmets on their heads.
They speak a speech we do not understand,
A language harsh and heavy as their steps.
By the very grave, they lower not their voices,
And they stumble on the crosses and they curse.

What is lacking, O my Country, to thy Passion?
Hast thou not had thine agony in the Garden?
Wast thou not forced to take Judas kisses,
That night in August when treason
Kissed thy cheek and wrung thy hand?
Didst thou not, like Jesus, have to make thy choice?

What is lacking, O my Country, to thy Calvary?
Didst thou not fall three times beneath the cross—
At Liége, at Namur, and at Antwerp?
Wert thou spared their spitting and their insults,
Their mockeries and their blows?
Didst thou not bleed beneath a crown of thorns?
Didst thou not feel the nails pierce thy flesh—
Dinant, Termonde, Andenne, Tamines?
Didst thou not ask to drink, and taste
The gall on mocking sponge,
While underneath thee, at thy feet,
The soldiers cast upon thy vestures lots?
Didst thou not for Justice thirst and hunger?
Didst thou not eat the captive's bitter bread?
Did thou not drink unto the very dregs
The cruel cup of shame and slavery?
And yet the earth did not join in thy mourning,
The heavens were not overcast and black,
No loving hands were near to lay thee
Tenderly in thy tomb.
And now, not three days but three years have passed
Since thou fellst, like too ripe fruit, into thy grave,
Since they rolled the stone in place and set the seals,
And still the dead have not arisen again. . . .

—What are you doing seated there, with your head wrapped in your cloak?
—What are you doing lying there, with eyes fixed on the sky?
—What are you doing crouched there, with your chin upon your hand?
—We are listening to the reapers sharpening their scythes.
—We are breathing in the perfume of our country's fields.
—We are watching the paling of the morning star.

The Waterfall

(From Contemporary Verse)

Here, where the eternal waters fling themselves,
Motion itself stands still. The flashing storm
Of change has wrought itself in changeless form,
Sculptured in white between the rocky shelves.

Over this ledge the centuries are hurled,
Fixed in one mighty instant; and all time
Sounds in a single multitudinous chime,
Here in a green cleft of the lonely world.

—MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

With the Army in France

By Helen Hayes Gleason

Who Is Working in a Y. M. C. A. Canteen in One of the Camps of the American Army

The American boys have been grouped in a room opposite mine on the court. In the room of a friend who is sick I could see them from the window. They talked simple talk of the day's doings. One of them had a near collision with another motor. The voices were ringing and twangy and careless, and the talk was full of "gee whiz" and "damns" and giggles. Then they sang, and that nearly got me. They sang as only our youngsters can sing. Not in the three years over here have I heard just that thing—by good voices, young and lusty, a native wealth of joy in the lilt. It brings back crowds of memories of vaudeville and camping. It is the gait of an up-to-date fractious horse that is fond of itself, that knows it is strong, and thinks itself and its country about right. Their singing of our ragtime is the second homesick jolt I have had to-day. The first arrived at 7 o'clock this morning, before I was out of bed. I heard the voices of sixty sailors who had come on leave for a few days. I heard their voices calling across the court:

"Where are you?"

"Got a nifty room?"

"You oughta see mine."

To-night I talked with four of them waiting for a taxi. I spoke to one; all swarmed up, dying to talk. One, the youngest looking and the toughest, said:

"You oughta have seen me to-day. I cried an hour, I was so homesick."

The nicest one, the one with the gold teeth, asked madame for the address of the hotel, so he could get back to-night. He grinned at me.

"I don't want to walk the streets of Paris looking for this place." He took his hat off—they all did when they spoke—and there were the crowns stuffed with money.

The homesick one pulled out a wad of American bills from his pocket.

One spoke scornfully of the "yacht" he came over in (probably the biggest ship we own), and said it was the worst gale he had seen—a typhoon. He was about twenty.

The Strength of the Youth

That seems to me only typical of our boys and of our army. They all feel as if they had come out of the one country on earth, and they have a wealth of enthusiasm and untapped strength—the strength of youth back of them, good health and the tradition of plenty. They are full of fight, though most of them don't know why they have come over, but they feel sure that they are going to start things and then finish them quickly. They have rather a good-natured arrogance toward the boys who have been fighting. It is harmless and ignorant; it is not bad-hearted.

But there are all kinds of boys at our front. Here are some of the types:

A keen-looking man—a man past thirty. He was sharp, and hard, and fascinating; he had been fifteen years and seven months in the army. He is a gambler and a cowboy. He cares more for horses than for men. He had been with the Northwest Mounted Police force, which has a record back of it, and he had been with the Texas Rangers. He overheard me talking to a boy one day about 600 francs he had just won. After the lad had gone, the cowboy, who was throwing metal disks at a frog's mouth, strolled over to me.

"Six hundred francs!" he said, "600 francs! Is that all he made? Why," he said, "I cleaned up $1,700 on the boat coming over. What's 600 francs? It's hardly worth playing for."

And then he began to spin yarns, and he talked for two hours. He is thirty-seven. Between army enlistments, when the time has run out, he takes a time off "to sport," as he says. He has a motor car, he plays all the gambling joints and he plays usually in great luck. Sometimes he sets up a businesslike roller-skating rink, with a dance hall and a bar attached. All money went through his own hands—it was arranged through some checking system so that he never lost money. This was close by a soldiers' camp. He coined money there. But after a little while, even though he is taking money, the novelty wears off, and the old call to return to the army comes.

He said:

"I don't care how homely a person is, or anything, there's always one person loves 'em. Now, my mother loved me. I know she loved me—I'm not so sure about my old dad. He would not let me do all the things I wanted to. But my mother, she would. Anything she had was mine."

He is in the cavalry. He hates it because an officer has the power to take one's horse, if he wishes, after you have broken and trained him. Once, before leaving the service, he shot his horse rather than sell him to an officer and lose track of him. But there are not many men of this type in our army; a few regulars and a good many roughnecks. They look out for themselves.

The boys I meet all the time, the boys that make my heart ache are those of sixteen—boys who have lied about their ages in order to get in or who have changed the figures in the certificates made out by their fathers stating their ages.

A Homesick Boy

One day I came out of the end of the hut. It was in the middle of the afternoon. There were not many people around. I very nearly stumbled over a boy who had been waiting apparently for some time. I said, "Hello" to him, and he got very much embarrassed. He was sitting on a box. "Can I have a few minutes with you, miss?" We sat down together. It was very evident he was longing to talk and that he was in trouble. He started right off with this:

"If you was fifty years old and had a boy like me, what would you want him to do?"

This boy was physically and mentally sick. He was the sickest boy I have seen, and it was all worry, because he felt he had not made good. He was so sick and so self-conscious that he could not look at me at all; he could not meet my eye except as he turned round and said: "Look at my eyes, you can tell what I mean." His eyes were bloodshot. He was not able to eat; he could not sleep. He worried all the time about everything. He was on the debating committee in his school at home, was always up in his studies, and when the call came for volunteers he was one of the first to join up in his village, and every one was proud of him. His friends gave him a watch as a going-away present, and his mother and everybody believed that he was doing the right thing, and that he was going to do well and nobly. And here, after many weeks, he had found nothing but monotony and very rigorous training, which, I think, were more than his strength could endure. He could not see that he was making good. He couldn't realize that going through this routine and keeping up with the routine was making good. He felt that his people and his friends expected something picturesque. And he worried himself sick, for he didn't think that he deserved their belief or that watch they had given him. He wanted very much to be transferred to some kind of duty with mule teams. He understood mules, and he thought that would help him to get back his physical strength.

He said: "All armies are alike; they don't care about a fellow. I have been to the infirmary and they won't do anything because I'm not actually sick in bed. But," he said, "my mind is sick, and I can't stop thinking." He was under age. I asked him to come back after he had seen his lieutenant, to tell me whether he could be transferred for a little while. He said he would, but never once did he look at me in all this time. Then without any warning at all he fled across the field.

The second day he came, sort of shying by the counter, and I recognized him. He spoke. I went out in the front of the hut alone to give him an opportunity to come up and talk. He came up almost at once. He could look at me that day, now and again. His lieutenant could do nothing for him on the change, and he supposed he would have to go on. So we talked about that for a few minutes, and then he pulled out a letter and poked it at me. It was from his mother and it was one of the finest letters I have ever read. It was well written in a nice hand, and full of courage and faith and affection. They were farmer people; fairly well-to-do farmers, I should think. She spoke of the crops; how they were getting on; how they were short of help so that she and the little sister could not drive across the country to the county seat—their old home—as they wished, but would have to give up that drive and work with the men. The letter closed with an appeal to the boy to do honorably; to do his very best for his country's sake and hers; that she was very proud to think of him enlisted and ready to do his part. Because I liked that letter he ventured to show me a second one, and that also from his mother and equally fine.

Most of these boys of sixteen are homesick; sick of their venture; not sorry that they responded to their country. You can always touch them at that point, but sorry there isn't "something doing." They didn't know that the greater part of war is monotony—the most fearful monotony to be endured, because it's monotony in a strange country where the language is strange; where letters from home are very, very few; where there are none of the amusements that almost any village has at home. There is nothing to do after the long fatigues; no "movies," no chewing gum to buy, no stick candy, no American tobacco, no girls that "savvy" United States.

It isn't that we haven't these supplies. We have them, and then they run out, and it is the in-between times that seem always to be there.

American Talk

The first night I went into the hut clusters of boys, seven deep, stood around, elbowing their way into the centre of the circle just to ask a question; it didn't matter what question; it had nothing to do with what they wanted to know; it was just talking for the sake of talking and looking. If I caught the eye of one through the crowd it would embarrass him for just a moment, and then he would invariably say, "An American woman! Why, I ain't talked with a woman who could 'savvy' me since June." And for days that's what they would say. They would file in and edge up to the counter and talk, or just look—crowds of them—and then gradually they would come up as individuals and show me letters and talk about home. One night, during a speech at the other end of the hut, a boy was hanging over the counter beside me. There was only candle light—one candle.

"I wouldn't mind very much being home to-night." That was all he said. I don't think he could say any more, for his eyes were full. That is all anybody said. One short, very talkative, uneducated man, not young, showed me the picture of a pretty French woman. "A young school teacher," he said. "Yes, sir; she teaches hundreds of *refuges* (not refugees) in Paris. Yes, sir; the place I had supper at with her, the house in Paris, why, it had cost between twenty-five thousand and thirty thousand dollars, and everything to match—fifty rooms."

He had served Uncle Sam in several campaigns. The Germans will never take him alive. "I gotta revolver to do the business when I get cornered."

He told me about shooting an elderly man, a spy, in Cuba. "Well, when you get your orders you gotta perform 'em, or else pay for 'em yourself."

I replied to him, "It's better to pay for them than do what German soldiers do under orders."

"Sure, it is," he replied. "But I wished a bullet could put me out of my misery lots of times. Yes, it was misery, misery, awful misery." He kept repeating "misery."

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)